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NOVEMBER

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OF

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1872—1927

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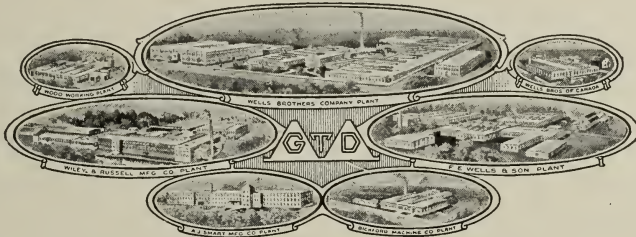
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is well-named!

JOHN WILSON & CO., INC.
GREENFIELD, MASS.

GIVE THEM A BOOST

NETOP

VOLUME X.

NOVEMBER, 1929.

Number 1

EDITORIAL BOARD

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AUTUMN LEAVES

Upon the hill an old oak stands,
Resplendent in the colorful bands
Of autumn's gold, and red, and brown.
The leaves
Now grieve
That sharp North Wind must blow them
down.

So soon these beautiful leaves must fall,
And we will miss them, one and all,
So soon the blasts of winter bring
The snow,
And so
The whole world 'waits the coming of
Spring.

M. C. '30.

SONG HITS

- "What wouldn't I do for that man?"
A. Parsons
"Oh I forgot".....C. Blake
"There's a place in my heart for you"
J. Aubry
"Little Pal".....J. Shea
"Im just a vagabond lover".....E. Pierce
"Goldiggers of Broadway".....L. Reed
C. Allard
"I must have that man".....K. Mackin
"Montague City Blues".....B. Trembl
"On with the show".....B. Relihan
"Gill brought me love and you"
C. Sliva
"WE call him Junior".....J. Myleck
"Come tiptoe through the tulips with me"
A. Kennedy
"All that I'm asking is Sympathy"
E. Hughes
"Our Modern Maidens"
M. Gary and R. Legendre
"I'm still caring".....R. Teahan
"Broadway Melody".....Weekly Chorus
"My Melody Baby".....H. Doran
"Let me have my dreams".....E. Sulda
"Wedding of the painted doll"
Helen Balchunas
"You were mean't for me"
A. Koch and J. McNally
"The Red Shadow".....P. Cadran
"Outside".....T. Brodrick
"I was mean't for you".....J. Stockwell
"Why do I Love You".....L. Starbuck
"Painting the clouds with sunshine"
P. Martineau
"Let me have my dreams".....L. Garrand
"I've got a feeling I'm falling"
E. Cray
"HONEY".....R. Baker
"The Bally Old Fellow"
G. Stinchfield
"Don't Hang Your Dreams On a Rain-bow"
A. Gunn
"I'm just making believe".....D. Sloper
"Eddy made a lady out of Lizzy"
E. Miller
"Sleepy Valley".....C. Hillman
"I Love Red Hair and Freckles"
Z. Cotton
"Where is the song of songs for me"
M. Grogan

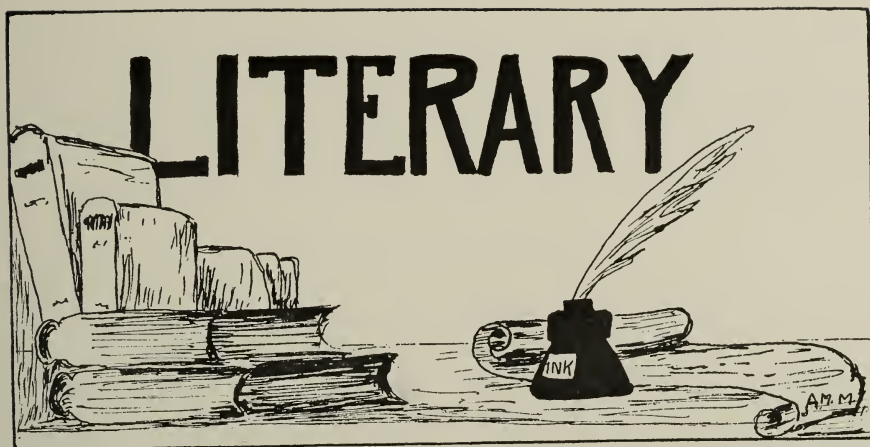
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

- J. Aubry could pick her own car?
T. Leary fell out of the rumble seat?
E. Pierce received a letter from Newtonville?
A. Parsons attended M. A. C. next year?

- C. Blake studied history?
B. Relihan took the place of Ziegfield?
R. Grogan hypnotized all skunks?
A. Kennedy became a human fly?
A. Kennedy stopped falling down?
J. Myleck hurried?
Michigan Club broke up?
L. Reed and C. Allard stayed home nights?
W. LeVitre stayed away from the Greenfield hospital Saturday nights?
P. Cadran took a few books home?
C. Sliva stopped peddling milk
L. Starbuck lost his license?
H. Balchunas didn't go to Sugar Loaf?

STELLAR PRODUCTIONS

- "The Fast Express".....R. Teahan
"The Arab".....P. Cadran
"The Michigan Kids"
Partners in Crime
"The Man With a Past".....E. Pierce
"The Gridiron Flash".....B. Relihan
"Why Mothers Get Gray".....B. Trembl
"Why Women Were Created"
G. Stinchfield
"Cuddling Cuty".....J. Myleck
"The Hot and Tot".....J. Shea
"Gentlemen Prefer Blonds"
L. Starbuck
"Trials of the Ex-Manager"
T. Broderick
"Mysterious Mr. Snifflegrower"
B. Ellis
"My Inspiration".....T. Leary
"Wolf of Wall Street".....A. Burnham
"My Operation".....J. Grogan
"The Wonderful Thing".....E. Miller
"Wings".....R. Legendre
"Venus".....H. Prondecki
"Why Men Go Wrong"
L. Reed
"Saturday Night Kid".....A. Parsons
"Taxi 13".....J. McNally
"The Mermaid".....H. Balchunas
"Wonder of Women"
E. Oakes
"Light Horse Harry".....C. Marston
"The Overstuffed Seat".....A. Koch
"The Girl From Woolworth's"
E. Sulda
"Fast Company".....C. Allard
"Wonders of Science".....E. Voetsch
"Thunder Bolt".....M. Loveland
"Without a Great-grand-mother to Guide Her".....A. Gunn
"Hard to Get".....J. Aubry
"Dangerous Curves".....E. Parsons
"Hero of the Big Snows"
W. LeVitre
"Mammy".....R. Blake
"The Brute".....C. Blake



HUNTING BIG GAME

When Professor Oomlf requested me to accompany him on an expedition to Africa to shoot big game, I gladly accepted and sincerely hoped to kill at least five elephants and as many alligators, although I had never hunted big game before. However, I did not expect to have such good luck as came my way before five days had passed.

It happened one hot morning in August. I left Professor Oomlf at our cabin and started off by myself in our ancient Ford (model 1890, or whatever the oldest model is). I had bumped along a short distance into the interior when I suddenly discovered a huge animal's track by the side of the road. Of course I immediately recognized the tracks as those of an exceedingly large elephant. In my excitement I seized my two high-powered rifles and jumped from the flivver without turning off the motor. Then I proceeded to follow the tracks through the jungle. It was a difficult and dangerous task but I was determined to get the beast. All morning I trailed him and only stopped a short time to eat some emergency rations. I was torn and scratched by brambles and many times I barely escaped being bitten by venomous snakes. Toward the latter part of the afternoon, I could hear him crashing through the underbrush ahead of me, for he had stopped many times to rest and drink, while I had been plodding steadily on. At dusk I came up with him. He was standing in the road where I had left the Ford and I realized that we had traveled in a wide circle

all day. He was much larger than I had expected, being a real prehistoric mammoth, nearly fifty feet tall, and probably the only one still living in Africa.

He seemed to be having a spasm of shivering. I wondered if mammoths had colds in that climate. He wasn't sneezing or coughing, simply shivering, and I heard a rattling noise coming from his direction. I raised my rifle to shoot, but I was saved that necessity, for at that moment the great beast keeled over. I cautiously crept closer but there was no doubt that he was dead. However, I put a couple of shots into him, for I didn't want Professor Oomlf to know he had died without a struggle after that long hunt.

Then I tried to locate my car, which I was certain I had left not far from there, but I could find no trace of it, evidently the natives had stolen it. So I walked back to the cabin and told the Professor of my experience. He was terribly excited when I told him the size of the animal. Seeing his interest I decided to make a good story of it. I related how I had had a tremendous struggle with the animal before I finally killed him. Since it was then dark, we waited till the next morning to view the victim. We started out bright and early. All the way I kept improving upon my story till the professor began to look at me with awe and admiration. When we reached the mammoth beast Professor Oomlf immediately started to dissect it. But what do you suppose we found in

its stomach? My missing Ford! I immediately realized the cause of the rattling, when I recollected that I had failed to turn off the motor. The mammoth, being hungry, had eaten the Ford and subsequently shaken to death! Professor Oomlf, not knowing all this,

remarked that the two shots I had put into the animal would never have killed him, I then confessed that I had exaggerated a trifle in my story.

Moral: Always leave the motor on: You may catch a mammoth.

By Edward Miller '30.

THE SEAL OF THE DEVIL

John Hastings was sitting in his office in Fleet Street in London, one dark, gloomy and foggy afternoon in early Spring. The office which was always, even on the brightest of days, a very gloomy place; now seemed to have a sinister appearance. The occupant seemed to fit into the setting perfectly. He was a tall thin man, with a pinched face which gave him a look of miserliness.

As it was late in the afternoon he was alone in the building. He was sitting before a huge antique desk. He seemed very agitated about something as his hands were on the desk in front of him and he was clasping and unclasping them nervously.

Suddenly a figure of a man appeared as if from out of the air, and stood across from him on the other side of the desk. "John Hastings," said the man in a peculiar rasping voice, "if you do as I bid, for the rest of your life, I will see that you get revenge on George Gormand."

Hastings started to arise from his chair to object, but the stranger stayed him with his hand and said, "Don't tell me that you don't want revenge on George Gormand for I know better. Now listen to me for our time is short. George Gormand is coming to this office tonight on business."

"But how do you know all this," queried Hastings, "and who are you anyway?"

"I," said the stranger, "am known by many names, but I am most commonly called the Devil."

Upon hearing this, Hastings cried out in fear and would have fled from the room, but he seemed glued to his chair. He sat shaking with fear as the Devil continued, "I know as well as you do that you seek revenge on George Gormand, and if you do as I bid for the

rest of your life. I will see that you get revenge on him. Do you agree?"

"Yes! Yes,!" cried Hastings passionately, his fears now thoroughly replaced by the thoughts of being able to get revenge on Gormand, "I will do anything you say."

"Then do as I bid," said the Devil, "and after George Gormand is disposed of, I will return to complete our bargain. When he comes you are to take him out on the balcony as soon as you hear a noise on the street below. When he bends over the railing just give him a push and he will fall over and be killed as he strikes the street below." As he finished speaking the Devil disappeared as quickly and as mysteriously as he had come.

Hastings sat in deep thought until a knock at the door announced some one's approach. Arising he opened the door and admitted a man whom he addressed as Gormand. He invited his visitor to sit down, but before they could be seated a commotion was heard in the street below. Both men hurried to the balcony which hung out over the street. Gormand leaned over the railing to peer through the fog to the street below, as he did so Hastings heard a voice say, "Now is your chance push him over." Without a moment's hesitation he shoved Gormand over the railing to the street below. There was a dull thud as the body landed in the street, then all was silent.

Hastings turned about and found the Devil standing there. That was well done," he said, "and now for my payment; you are my servant for life and therefore bear my seal;" and so saying he pressed his finger in the center of Hastings's forehead leaving a bright red, perfectly round mark. He then vanished.

Just as Hastings was going back to

the office he heard a shout in the street below and he knew that Gormand's body had been discovered. Suddenly realizing what he had done, and feeling a desire to end it all, he flung himself, over the railing, with a terrible cry, to

the street below. He landed on his back in the street; and the bright red circle in the center of his white forehead stared like an evil eye towards heaven and the God he had forsaken.

E. Cray '30.

JOURNEY'S END

What a day it had been! My brain was still bewilderedly going over the various experiences and sensations that the day had brought forth, as I stood for a moment on the porch fumbling for my latch key. But as I turned around from softly closing the door behind me, I saw a strange girl standing ten feet away, facing me with a business-like revolver pointed steadily at me. As I cast a quick glance around, I realized that I had never seen that hallway before, but my key was one specially made for my own peculiar lock, and it had fitted easily. Was I dreaming? I glanced down at myself and received another shock. The overcoat I was wearing was not mine. Somehow in a manner unknown to me, I had appropriated another man's overcoat, key, and house. What a mix-up! And now, facing me stood a girl clad in a fluttering, white robe, and wearing a mask.

"Don't move," came the order. As I stared into the muzzle of that ugly, black-nosed revolver, I decided to obey the summons.

Out of the darkness round about me I felt rather than saw two vague shadowy figures steal toward me. I seemed paralyzed. I stood in a daze. Suddenly my arms were pinioned behind me. The white figure turned, and motioning me to follow, set off down a shadowy corridor. Urged on occasionally by those somber shadows in the rear, I stumbled blindly along, up stairs, down stairs. Everything was black, pitch darkness prevailed! Now and again I heard faint creaks, almost inaudible noises. We mounted another flight of stairs. My conductress halted, and raised her right hand in a queer gesture. Immediately a cloth was slipped over my eyes. A

door opened before us, and I was led through it, on, and on, and on.

Suddenly the bandage was snatched from my eyes, I found myself in a vast, shadowy place. About me were grouped more white robed figures, with here and there a black one. Confronting me stood a menacing red robed horror. Suddenly it spoke "John, Peter, Smith,"—somehow I had never realized before what an imposing name I had—the voice continued, "You have been summoned here this night to answer for your many sins. As the clock strikes twelve prepare for your doom!" Suddenly a long, mellow note sounded throughout the room. The clock was striking! Before I regained my composure the clock had struck six. Seven rang out, eight passed, nine strokes, ten notes, eleven, and twelve.

"Happy Birthday, John!" "How's the sinful man feeling now?" "How does it feel to be thirty-five?" were some of the innumerable questions flung at me. With mouth agape, I stared for a moment before the effects of the masquerade were off. Feeling a touch on my arm, I turned to see my wife smiling at me. "Honestly, John, I've had more fun today preparing for this masquerade and surprise party than I've had for ages! I purposely let you sleep over this morning because I knew you'd be late to the office. I ordered roast beef for lunch because I knew you detested it. I gave you all the monthly bills today. I bribed the clerk in the check room at your club to give you an overcoat I'd prepared with Bill White's key in one pocket and I also paid a taxi driver an outrageous price to take you to Bill's house instead of our own. In fact I did everything possible to torment you. Well, it was worth it, wasn't it, dear? Happy Birthday!" A. Gunn, '30.

THE DIVINE PLEDGE

Oh, mystic rainbow, sent from the sky,
God's own promise of sunshine soon.
You are a pledge from Him on high,
And to the earth a priceless boon.

Oh, mystic rainbow, gift from above,
Pledging to us God's promise rare.
We know you as His sign of love
And a symbol of His eternal care.

THE MOON TABLE

Little Ardis sat disconsolately at the piano. Such a mirerable old piano! Such rattling yellow keys! Such cracked and jingling tones! Ardis turned the leaves of her music sadly. The chords in the "Don Giovanni Minuetto" rang out discordantly, offending the correct ear of the little musician. "Twilight" was completely spoiled by a broken E flat string. Two bass notes stuck hopelessly, marring the melody, in the "Song of the Peasant," and Ardis was almost in tears.

When Mr. Sturat, Ardis' father arrived home that night, he seized Ardis and whirled her off the stool.

"What would you say to a new piano, sweetheart?" he cried. "A brand-new upright piano, with a beautiful rose-wood case, and shining black and white keys! With a perfect action, and a bell-like tone?"

Ardis was simply unable to say anything at all, but she threw both arms around her father's neck and the enthusiasm of her embrace was answer enough.

"Well, I have ordered one for you," continued her father, still whirling her dizzily around the room. "It will be here tomorrow, so play a farewell tune upon this awful old box."

Ardis hugged her father still more rapturously and went back to her practicing and played the "Minuetto" jubilantly. "The last piece! The last piece on this old piano forever and ever, and ever!" she chanted joyously. All night she dreamed of the coming treasure, and in the morning she was too excited to eat her breakfast.

"What time will it be here?" she asked.

"Oh, it will take several hours to come out from Boston," said her mother.

But long before nine, Ardis was perched upon the gate, straining her eyes to catch the first glimpse of the train as it rounded the curve at the foot of the long hill. All day long Ardis waited patiently but still the piano did not come. Then a boy came up the steps with a note from Mr. Sturat. Mrs. Sturat read it very soberly and then came to Ardis and put her arms around her.

"Can my little girl be very brave and cheerful?" she asked. "Your father

has met with a business disappointment this morning and was obliged to countermand the order for the piano."

Ardis was beyond speech, and she ran into the house and up to the attic, always her refuge in times of trouble. She crept into a favorite nook and throwing herself upon an old sofa, sobbed as though her heart would break. At last she sat up and tried to fight back the tears. The late afternoon sun poured warmly through the cobwebby window, and shone full upon an old table just behind her. Such an old, old table! A "moon table" she had heard her father call it. It had belonged to his great grandmother, and had come from over the sea. It was made in the shape of a half moon, of solid mahogany, and had slender, tapering legs. Mr. Sturat was fond of antiques and Ardis had once heard him speak of having this old heirloom repolished and put in order but her mother hated antiques and laughed at the idea.

"So do I," said Ardis looking at the moon shaped relic. Horrible old piano! Ugly old table! And she gave the poor old table a vindictive kick. Then she perched upon the arm of the sofa, and began to drum carelessly upon the worn inlaid work of the table.

"Oh, the dear new piano!" she sighed.

"Oh, the dear smooth, shiny, white keys!"

Slowly the fingers of her right hand pushed out "Fingertwist" upon the moon table. Suddenly something flew out with a snap and a jerk. She had touched a concealed spring and a tiny secret drawer lay open before her. In the draw lay a beautiful string of gold beads of quaint design and a queer old brooch, richly set with rubies. Ardis gathered her treasures into the skirt of her dress and dashed down stairs to her mother and father.

"See what I found in the moon table drawer!" she cried swinging the beads before their eyes.

"The moon table! What moon table?" The moon table never had a drawer," said her father.

"This one has! This one has!" cried Ardis and she lead them to the attic where her father and mother had to admit that there certainly was a drawer in the battered old table.

"You shall have a piano after all sweetheart," said her father, and it will be a present from your great great grandmother!"

"And the moon table shall be restor-

ed to its former beauty," said her mother.

"The blessed old moon table!" cried Ardis.

Ruth Vassar, '31.

PRINCE ALFRED OF THE AIR

Young Alfred stood poised on an outcropping rock at the golden hour of sunset. The green valley below him unrolled itself in a panorama of great wide fields, neat roomy orchards, and white rambling farm-houses. It seemed the very essence of serenity and contentment, but the young lad, gazing toward the wide open heavens above rather than at the peaceful scene below, seemed filled with a restlessness untouched by the spirit of the valley.

For a few seconds previous he had caught sight of a purring monoplane whose silver body flashed back a million colors from the setting sun. The boy stood in breathless attention as the plane sped swiftly up the valley.

"Alfred, what would you give to be able to fly as that man does?" asked a voice very close to him, although Alfred could see no one.

"Anything, everything," answered Alfred not seeming in the least surprised at this unusual voice. "I would do anything, give everything to be able to fly."

"Alfred, you may have your wish but you must promise never to tell anyone. Will you accept this gift on these terms?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!," cried the boy. "I will promise anything."

"Then raise your arms and fly."

Dutifully and without question he raised his arms and instantly his weight dropped from him and his arms became feathered pinions which lifted and carried him in the air as easily and naturally as those of a great eagle.

The freedom and strangeness of this new sensation was almost too much for him and he dipped, soared, banked, and swooped until he hardly knew on which side was the earth and which side the sky. Gradually the air darkened to gloaming and he remembered hearing that fairy spells were usually routed by

darkness. Fearful lest this happen and also wondering, for the first time, if this thing was not in truth a dream, he swerved back to his rock. As his feet touched it he became once more a heavy, clumsy boy and there hung from his shoulders awkward arms instead of the graceful wings. At the same time a voice said, "You have pleased the Queen and from the hour of sunset to darkness the air is yours if you keep your promise, Prince Alfred of the Air."

Night after night he enjoyed this strange gift and as time wore on he forgot the source of his gift and became very certain of his gift and became very certain of his own prowess and considered his rock as the key to his new existence. Alfred grew more and more to believe himself different from other human beings and he had many a silent conflict to refrain from telling his secret. He, not only was a prince but even more unusual than any of them, must listen to the petty achievements of his ordinary schoolmates and each story stung his vanity more sharply.

One day after having been bored and tortured by a particularly painful recital of a boastful friend, he told him, in a frenzy, that if he wished to see something really unusual to come to the foot of the cliff at sunset.

As the sun began to sink, he poised and raised his arms as usual, but nothing happened. A minute, five minutes, ten minutes he stood thus poised and than was brought to earth by derisive laughter from below. He descended from his rock to dwell ever afterwards like any ordinary being in the quiet valley. Whenever ridiculed by his friend he retorted not a word but muttered, half amused, half bitterly these words to himself, "Ex-Prince Alfred of the Air."

K. Cuthbertson.

JOY

Pit-a-pat-a on the floor
Little feet make rhythmic beat,
Figures pass through open door
Leaving empty desk and seat.

Down the lane with shout and cry
Children homeward trip along,
While dear mother heaves a sigh
Wondering at her children's song.

BARTER

In the early American towns of Massachusetts, it was considered a sin to wear bright colored clothes and even to desire them was out of the question. Having read a book which portrayed life in French courts, Desire Heustace longed with all her heart to own such dresses as were portrayed in the highly colored illustration. Yet she dared not breath a word of this to anyone, knowing full well that even the precious book which had been given her by a foreign cousin would be snatched away.

On the Sabbath afternoon no tasks to perform, Desire set out for the village limits with gayety in her heart, for her precious book was hidden in the folds of her dress and she anticipated a pleasant afternoon of uninterrupted reading while seated near a brook.

She received severe frowns from her God-fearing neighbors when she forgot herself so much as to hum, but when she became imprudent enough to skip lightly, the village pastor, who happened to see her admonished her severely, saying that she must have her soul in the keeping of the devil to act in such a manner on the Sabbath, of all days.

When the righteous parson had passed out of sight, Desire bitterly muttered to herself, "What care I for my soul? Gladly would I barter it for a gown of a French noblewoman." What would poor Desire have given later to have recalled that sentence, yet no sooner was it uttered than out of the doorway of the little obscure cottage on the outskirts of the village, a leering head was thrust.

"Come here girl!" The voice fairly hurled itself at Desire. Bewildered she obeyed, recognizing the horrible person as Old Dame Menace, commonly believed a witch by all. Time and time again Desire had received severe admonitions against wandering in that direction. Desire disobeyed as many times as she had been warned, yet never had the old dame spoken to her.

When the voice continued, "Come, see what I have!" Desire's curiosity was piqued and, forgetting all words of caution, she obeyed and followed.

Upon entering Desire involuntarily shuddered. Horrible rank odors coming

from a copper kettle over the fire almost suffocated her, the black, arch-backed cat near the hearth disdainfully spat in her direction, while an owl, a bedraggled occupant of the open window hooted dismally. The interior of the cottage was as black as night and Dame Menace held the only candle in the room before her toothless face, showing her sinister, sickening leer.

Stretching forth her bony fingers she led Desire to a corner of the cabin, and placing the candle on a rickety table she opened a cob-webbed chest. There in answer to Desire's wish appeared a colorful French gown. Small wonder that she offered no resistance when Dame Menace slipped it over her shoulders. "How beautiful it is," declared the old hag.

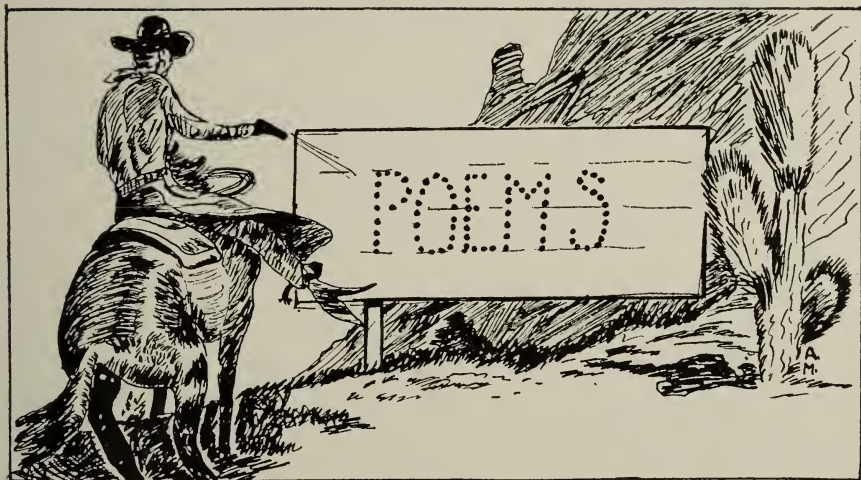
Desire imagined herself a noblewoman participating in a ball and was startled out of her reverie by hearing the old woman declare, "It is yours, take it."

Then did Desire suspect some wicked intention of the witch and she backed cautiously to the door, only to find it bolted. There was no escape. The old hag uttered a cackling laugh and taunted her with her wish and laughed at her foolishness in wanting to barter a soul for a gown. Still Old Dame Menace was well pleased. It wasn't often that she acquired such an innocent soul and so easily. The cat on the hearth, glared fixedly. The owl hooted in an eerie fashion, Desire saw Dame Menace still slowly approaching. The room grew black and suddenly the unfortunate Desire reeled.

No explanation of Desire's disappearance was ever uttered in connection with the old hag, but they accepted the theory of the pastor, the last person to see poor Desire. He testified that Desire Heustace had invoked the wrath of Heaven by humming and singing on the Sabbath, and by these mis-demeanors had given her soul to the devil.

Dame Menace still peers from her battered door at lonely children, waiting to entice them when they have uttered a foolish desire to barter their soul for a cherished but worthless object.

Z. Cotton.



THE BROOK

Through the shady woods,
 Green woods!
 Runs the babbling brook.
 Tumbling over rocks and stones,
 Tinkling, tinkling, as it goes
 On it's way.

On it's banks gay flowers,
 Happy flowers!
 Overhead hang leafy bowers,
 Through this fairy land
 Tinkling, tinkling, ever tinkling
 On it's way.

E. Voetsch '30.

OAK LEAF SONG

The last oak leaves are clinging
 A-clinging to the tree
 I stand and watch their swinging
 A-swinging o'er the lea
 Each old brown leaf is rustling
 A-rustling on the tree
 And I hear each leaf whispering
 A-whispering unto me:—

“Long, long ago the maple leaves
 did flee
 Snow is all about me, old I've
 grown to be
 It's so cold I'm shivering clinging
 to the tree
 But its for the little buds—Don't
 you see?”
 Oh! I see! see! It's all as you've been
 telling me.
 Oh buds! The leaves are clinging—
 just for thee!

APRIL

Sing a song of April,
 Of skies dripping rain,
 In four and twenty minutes,
 The sun will shine again.
 When the sun is shining,
 Our hearts begin to sing,
 And just around the rain clouds
 We catch a glimpse of spring.
 Spring is around the corner
 Counting out the days.
 The birds are in the tree tops
 Singing April's praise.
 The flowers are shyly peeping
 Not knowing what to do,
 Along comes a sunshing shower,
 And opens their buds through and
 through.

Lillian Ungrich.

STARS

Up in the dark blue skies,
 In a shimmering silver sheen,
 The tiny twinkling stars,
 Like so many laughing eyes, are seen.

Tiny beacons of the night,
 God's own messengers of light,
 Lighting up the dull blue space,
 Brightening many a gloomy place.

All night long their vigil keep,
 Till the first grey of dawn appear,
 Then one by one they drop to sleep,
 Like happy children, knowing God is
 near.

E. Voetsch.

SHOWERS

The rain comes down in white slanting
lines,
As if pointing to earthly signs,
Of green growing grasses,
And flowers in masses,
Thanking God for the showers.

The buds on the trees are so swollen
and red
That they look like bright coral strung
on grey thread.

M. Jillson '30.

THE MOON

The moon like a ship rides the clouds
each night,
While the stars are the sailors shining
and bright;
The clouds are the waves foamy and
billowy,
Moving silently and swiftly in the
silver light.

Gladys Corbiere '30.

NATURE

Twinkling dew on a violet
The rising sun shinging on the hamlet.
The yellow bird in the lane trilling,
"Joy-e-e Joy-e-e Joy-e-e"

A sunflower turning to the sun
Swaying his head with fun
The bluebird on the bough calling,
"Trust - Trust - Trust"

A rose emptying fragrance in the breeze
The bees the honey sieze
The red bird in the willow singing,
"All! Giv-ing All! All!"

SHIPS

Ships sail and sail for many days,
Far off into the deep blue haze,
And some day when I'm old enough,
I'll sail the seas both calm and rough.

France and England I hope to see
In Germany and Italy I will be
Switzerland, Spain and then aboard,
Happy again on my native sward.

So long will I sail
And far will I roam,
Never will I be content
To peacefully stay at home.

Bernard Trembl.

AUTUMN

The days of Autumn have come at last,
The summer flowers have all gone past,
The leaves on the trees are changing
their hue,
And the autumn sky is clear and blue.

The hills in the distance stand out sharp
and clear,
And from the woods comes the tramp of
the deer,
The bright hued leaves have begun their
descent,
And the trees in the orchards with ap-
ples are bent.

Edward Cray '30.

SMELLS

(With apologies to Christopher Morley)
I like the smell of breakfast,
Of coffee newly ground,
Of maple syrup, and butter
On pancakes large and brown.

I like the smell of gingerbread,
That mother often makes,
And always serves with whipped cream
Every time she bakes.

I like the smell of flowers,
Of roses rare and sweet,
Whose blossom's fragrant perfume
Creates delightful treats.

I like the smell of forests,
Of firs and evergreen,
Whose leaves are everlasting
And present a lovely scene.

Elsie Mosseau.

HAY FEVER

Hay fever is a joke to some;
But it's no joke to me,
For both my eyes get swollen
And I can hardly see.

Some people say, take sun-naps,
And others say, take pills,
But I guess it's incurable
As its the worst of ills.

Many are the jokes people spring on me;
But as for the one who teases,
I hope some day he'll get the germ
And then he'd have some sneezes.

Diana Sloper.



This is our first opportunity to welcome our new teachers: Mr. Wrightson in the Latin department, Mr. Learnard in the science department, and Miss Teed in the English department. It is a great pleasure to welcome back in the English department our former teacher Miss Ayer, who was abroad on a European tour during the past school year. It is our sincere hope that these, as well as the other members of the faculty, may have the best of luck in all their undertakings for the ensuing year.

School is again under way. Vacation is over and we are all back. Most of us are one class ahead of the one we were in last June. The seniors are gradually assuming their traditional dignity, and the juniors are assuming a somewhat superior air, while the sophomores are certainly not brooding over the fact that they have left their freshie days behind. As for the new freshmen, they are green, as usual, and at least have number if not size. Things are running smoothly now and everyone seems contented, although countenances expressing perfect satisfaction were mighty scarce around the building the first few days. If one considers the exceptional privilege of having people spend their time for his benefit, if one has the school spirit and the spirit of good fellowship, which are encouraged by athletics and their moral support, and if one values at all the chums and comrades whose friendship with him the school was instrumental in forming, how can he help but rejoice that he is a member of such an institution.

In addition to mentioning the opening of school, we may state an item of news that is more current at the present time; the Netop is just beginning its annual

career. There is a new editorial board, as usual, and the members have got to keep this paper up to the standards of T. F. H. S. The true task is no easy one, and can only be accomplished through the loyal support of the student body. The Netop is representative of T. F. H. S. as an organization, and, in order to represent it sincerely and do justice to its members, it should have a greater number of contributors. To be brief, everyone should try to have something of his or her composition published in the Netop. It is not the editorial board's Netop, it's the student body's Netop, and their cooperation is most essential for its success.

Any article that is intended for publication, if left in the contribution box near the entrance to room 3, with Miss Ayer, or with any member of the editorial board, will receive the most careful consideration.

While discussing the backing of the Netop, we might dwell somewhat on the financial side of the question. This is something which many people overlook, but which turns out to be a very important factor. The cost of publishing a school paper is far greater than the average student figures. The real backbone of it is furnished through the generous cooperation of our local business men. They are the ones upon whom it depends, for the most part, whether we have a paper or not. However, our dependence upon them may be lessened to some degree by increasing the average circulation. It is commonly known, from past experience, the only one person that buys a Netop and two or three others read it instead of buying their own. If a student takes any pride in his school, he will not cheat it out of the price of its paper.

WANT TO WORK WAY THROUGH COLLEGE? HERE'S WHAT TO DO.

Start now!—while you're still in high school—if you're planning on working your way through college.

Fred H. Turner, assistant dean of men at the University of Illinois, who gives this advice in the September issue of *THE AMERICAN BOY MAGAZINE*, has watched thousands of students starting out to earn their education. He knows why it is that so many fail. The article is called "College—Just Ahead."

"Every summer dozens of men, ambitious and full of anticipation, come to my office to ask about the chances of working their way through college," writes Dean Turner. "But when I ask a boy what he can do, the answer is usually, 'Well, nothing in particular.' That's discouraging, for it means that here is another young chap who is going to take a long chance on a poor bet. The boy who tries to go to college on nothing, with no particular equipment to help himself along, is starting something he'll probably never be able to finish.

Two Types

"Two boys were in my office recently. One admitted there was nothing he could do exceptionally well. All I could tell him was that if he had some money he might be able to get through the first year by working for his board and doing any odd jobs he could pick up.

"The other boy was an experienced stenographer. His father had bought him a typewriter when he was a freshman in high school, and he had worked

faithfully. I suggested that he see a certain merchant, and within an hour he was back to say that he had a job. There is almost no question of his success. Now let me hammer home the point.

"The boy with a trade or profession he has mastered while in high school has every chance in the world to succeed in college and to place himself in a responsible position when the college days are over."

You Can Do It

The article goes on to say that every boy can learn a special kind of work in high school. It can be done during spare time or during vacations. No unusual talent is necessary. If you yourself can't decide what to learn to do, go into conference with your parents—they may think up a better idea than yours.

Dean Turner tells of one boy whose mother taught him the art of waiting on tables. This year he is head waiter in the leading tea room at Illinois. Two other boys built up a waiters' service for banquets. Still another worked one summer for a plumber, another for a florist, a third in a garage; now he takes care of the home of a well-to-do citizen.

Talented students, musicians or artists, can usually find ways to earn money. Those who know trades—barbers, plasterers, mechanich, etc.—have little difficulty in putting them to use. And the secret is that the man got his training before he started on his college course.

DID YOU KNOW?—THAT—

William Porter, class president and valedictorian, is now a student at Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire?

Clayton Herrick, Editor-in-chief of the *Netop* during his senior year, and vice-president of his class for 3 years, attends Ohio Wesleyan University? He recently saved the day for the freshmen by climbing a greased pole to obtain a flag, a feat which has not been accomplished by a freshman for four years.

Elizabeth Wheeler, treasurer of her class for 3 years and an accomplished

typist, works in the Esleeck Paper Company?

Lucille Grogan, class secretary and a Pro Merito student, is studying at Bridgewater Normal School?

Edwidge Brown, the most courteous girl, is training to be a nurse at the Franklin County Hospital in Greenfield, Massachusetts?

Hugh Brown, the quiet lad from Montague, is at home?

Roger Cowan, the outstanding artist and *Netop* cover designer, is working in Manchester, Connecticut?

Kenneth Cuthbertson, football manager in 1928-1929, is taking a post graduate course at the High School?

Louis Bush, the former all-around athlete of Turners High, is now a popular hero on the gridiron at Vermont Academy?

May Dascomb, holder of several typist awards, and Edna Rogers, class historian, are also training in the Franklin County Hospital?

Malcolm Eddy, the boy with a car and plenty of money to spend, is still in Gill?

Clarence Flagg, the modest worker of the class of '29, is taking a business course at Bay Path Institute in Springfield, Massachusetts?

Albert Hastaba, a member of the Netop board and class historian, is also taking a course at Bay Path Institute?

James Humphrey, a very sociable chap, and a member of the football squad, is continuing his education at William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia?

Frank Konsevich, the famous optimistic Knarf, and a testator of the class will, works in St. Albans, Vermont?

Mary Kostrzewska, a Pro Merito student and exchange editor of the Netop, works in Greenfield, Massachusetts?

Daniel Leary, president of the "T" club and football captain during 1928-1929, has made the frosh football team at M. A. C.?

Randolph Moltenbrey, a basketball star of '29, is studying at Bay Path Institute?

Roger Newton, a member of the Prom committee, is at home?

Julia O'Connell, included in the casts of several plays during her High School career, now works in the Town office at Turners Falls?

Herbert Sauter, Netop business manager during his senior year and winner of the second prize at Junior Prize Speaking, is employed at the Franklin County Trust Company in Greenfield,

Massachusetts?

John Schuhle, baseball captain in 1929 and leading man in the senior play, "Rose of the Southland," has joined the other heroes on the M. A. C. football team?

Harold Shuman, the renowned saxophonist and member of the Netop board, is a student at M. A. C.?

John Sovecki, another basketball hero, is working in Athol, Massachusetts?

Henrietta Szwiec, the outstanding girl athlete of the class of 1929, is taking a post graduate course?

Helen Vassar, the most popular girl in her class and one of the cast of the senior play, is taking a course at Northampton Commercial School?

Walter Vassar, a member of the orchestra, is studying at the General Electric Company of Schenectady, New York?

Stanley Webber, president of the Glee Club and captain of the Track team, is taking a course at Northeastern University in Boston, Massachusetts?

Robina Wishart, salutatorian of the class of '29 and leading lady in the senior play, is working in the Greenfield library?

Arthur Girard another winner of second prize in Junior prize speaking and a member of the French Club, is working at the John Russell Cutlery in town?

Flora and Janet Ripley, the inseparable sisters who designed the class rings have now separated, Flora is at home while Janet works in Boston?

Evelyn Rosewarne, an ardent worker on the freshman social committee and Prom committee, and author of the Ivy poem is a telephone operator in town?

John Koskuba, a member of the Glee Club and Orchestra, is working as an electrician in town?

Isabel Kuklewicz, the jolliest girl of the class of '29, and the famed "Mammy Evelina" of the senior play, "Rose of the Southland," works in the John Russell Cutlery in Turners Falls?

CLASS NOTES

On September 28, 1929, the Senior Class held its first class meeting—electing the same officers as last year, namely: President, Bernard Trembl; vice-president, Lloyd Starbuck; treasurer, Margaret Crean; secretary, Alice Gunn; class historian, Alice Parsons.

The annual Senior reception to the Freshmen was held Friday evening, September 28. Mr. and Mrs. Keating, Mr. and Mrs. Burke, Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs. O'Keefe, Miss Ayer, Mr. Learnard, and Mr. Wrightson welcomed the students in the receiving line. Milkey's

orchestra furnished dance music. The chairmen of the various committees were as follows: Decorating, Alice Masek; refreshment, Alice Parsons; music, Lloyd Starbuck; Bernard Trembl was in charge of the ushers. Judging by the amount of ice cream and cake consumed, the affair was a success.

The Sophomore class held its first election of the year, October 7. The following officers were chosen: President, Karl Schule; vice-president, Paul Ritchotte; secretary, Marion Craig, treasurer, Jean Porter; historian, Lenore Murphy; class editor, Joseph Cotton.

The Junior class held its first class meeting for the year of 1929, October 10. The following officers were elected: President, Ralph Dubie; vice-president, Theodore Leary; secretary, Virginia Cassidy; treasurer, Anna Prohovitch; historian, Edith Parsons. Miss Lindsay is the class teacher.

A program commemorating the discovery of America and the date of Pulaski, a Polish Revolutionary hero, was presented October 11, by the Students' Activity Club. Those taking part were as follows: Camille Macek, Bernice Dolan, Dorothy Trembl, Joseph Cotton, and George Stinchfield while James Stockwell announced the selections.

October 18, the members of the Pro Merito Society elected the following officers: President, Bernard Relihan; vice-president, Helen Balchunas; and secretary, Lillian Ungrich.

October 21, the Senior class received a letter of thanks from Mr. Vigue for the pen and pencil set sent him by the class of 1930.

Examinations, the bane of existence to under graduates, and an unavoidable necessity to upper classmen commenced Tuesday, October 22. Tests in fifth and sixth period classes were held Thursday, those in first and second, Wednesday, and third and fourth, Thursday.

Four Lys

Freshmen crammed feverishly.

Sophomores studied dilligently.

Juniors reviewed hastily.

But the Seniors' "pull" was heavenly!

October 24, 1929, the student body listened to a talk by Mr. Jenkins, who spoke on the lyceum course to be conducted at the High School. The course consists of a series of four entertainments. On November 1, the Pokolski Concert Artists performed; December

6, the Pierce Family will be heard; January 17, the Holland Bell Ringers; and February 14 C. Everett Wallace. These artists are all well worth listening to, and have performed all over America. Students' course tickets are \$1.00, tickets for townspeople \$2.00.

Freshmen members of the Ancient History class have accomplished some interesting soap modeling. The following articles may be seen in Room 13, a Greek medal, a rosetta stone, Hammurabi's Code of Laws, a Moab stone of Palestine, the Parthenon, the Temple of Theseus, the Rhine Danube Wall with a look out tower, Caesar, and the Arch of Triumph. One piece, the Round Tower, a Roman ruin in Ireland, is done in wax.

The annual meeting of the League of School Publications of Western Massachusetts was held in Palmer, October 25. Miss Ayer, our faculty advisor, accompanied the following members of the Netop board, to Palmer: Bernard Relihan, Lloyd Starbuck, William Starbuck, Frederick Miller, Alice Parsons, Jean Aubry, Alice Masek, Margaret Crean, and Alice Gunn.

The members of the Pro Merito Societies of Western Massachusetts met at Agawam, Saturday, October 26. The following members of the high school, accompanied by Miss Packard, the class teacher, attended: Bernard Trembl, Bernard Relihan, Edward Miller, Helen Balchunas, Margaret Crean, Ruth Blake, Alice Parsons, and Alice Gunn.

The members of the student body and the faculty as well regret the circumstances which have taken William Starbuck from our town to Springfield, where he will attend Central High. Bill is a great salesman, a fine sport, and an all around "good fellow."

Bernard Trembl, Senior Class president, gave an introductory speech. Then the program commenced. Mr. Podolski, the violinist, played *Il Trovatore*, as an opening number. Next Miss Tighe, the contralto, rendered the following selections: A Mother Goose Lullaby, A Negro Spiritual, A Scotch Lullaby, and an Old English song. Miss Miller, the pianist, played "Second Hungarian Rhapsody," and was followed by Mr. Podolski who gave "The Lost Chord," Miss Tighe followed with "Little Bit O'Honey," "The Man Behind the Cottonwood," by Cadman,



GREENFIELD FAIR

This year we were defeated at the Greenfield Fair by Greenfield who captured first place. Our boys put up a stubborn fight against Greenfield, but placed second in the meet. The boys who won places at the fair were:

Capt. Kennedy—first in half-mile.

Francis Yukl—first in potato race.

Gilbert Richmond—first in high jump, fourth in hop-step-jump.

Joseph Sicard—first in 100-yard dash, second in 200 yard dash.

Joseph Klmoski—second in bicycle race.

Charles Fornier—fourth in Freshman 100.

Everett Fish—second in Freshman 100.

Joseph Myleck—second in shot put.

Relay team placed third—(Kulch, Campbell, Lawrence, Sicard.)

NORTHAMPTON FAIR

The track meet at the Northampton air was held the day of the Commerce football game so that only two of our team went down. Captain Kennedy and Richmond were the boys to represent us. Kennedy placed first in the 440 yard dash and third in the half mile. Richmond received second place in the high jump.

M. A. C. TRACK MEET

On September 21, 1929, Massachusetts Agricultural College held their first Interscholastic Track Meet for small high schools. Turners Falls High School was invited to this meet. Al-

though our boys made a good showing, the David Prouty High School of Spencer, Massachusetts proved to be our superior. In this meet Captain Kennedy placed first in the half mile, Sicard placed second in the 220 yard dash, Myleck fourth in the shot put, and Lawrence fourth in the discus throw. We received third place in this meet. Easthampton gained two points in the last event which nosed us out of second place.

TURNERS FALLS vs. AMHERST First Game

Our boys opened their football season in the right way by defeating Amherst High School 6 to 0 at Unity Park on September 28. There was a very small crowd but we hope for larger ones in the coming games. Captain Myleck scored the first touchdown of the season and the one that defeated Amherst. "Red" Hughes and Doran also played well for Turners. Landis and Takowski played the best for Amherst.

Line-up.

Turners

T. Leary, Guilb't, lc. Doran, lt. Teahan, lg. Koch, c. T. Dubie, Cadran, rg. Lawrence, rt. C. Parzick, Campbell, Sicard, Kulch, qb. Skypeck, lhb. Hughes, rhb. Myleck, fb.

Amherst

Tak'h'ski, Goodnow, re. Walcott, rt. Grandimad, rg. Tray, c. Howe, lg. Cook, lt. Macknimmie, qb. Landis, rhb. Tidlund, Russell, lhb. Sizenens, fb.

Touchdown—Myleck.

Referee—Casey.

Head Linesman—Kilgore.

Umpire—Care.

TURNERS FALLS vs. COMMERCE

Second Game

Commerce High of Springfield was our opponent in the second game of the season. They proved to be a little too strong for our boys and defeated us 7 to 0. Turners put up a stubborn battle all the way. Maynard proved to be the bulk of the Commerce team. All during the game our backfield really outplayed the opponent's backfield.

Line up:

Commerce	Turners
Drake, le.	C. Parzick, re.
R. Sweeny, lt.	Lawrence, rt.
Zucco, lg.	T. Dubie, rg.
Boyton, c.	Koch, c.
Kawie, rg.	Teahan, lg.
Mari, rt.	Doran, lt.
Cleary, re.	T. Leary, le.
J. Sweeny, qb.	Sicard, qb.
Rockford, lhb.	Skrypeck, rhb.
Harrington, rhb.	Hughes, lhb.
Maynard, fb.	Myleck, fb.

Touchdown—Maynard.
Point after touchdown—Maynard.
Referee—Sullivan.
Umpire—Jemme.
Head Linesman—Henry.

TURNERS FALLS vs. WARE

Third Game

Turners Falls High annexed another victory when they defeated Ware High

6 to 0. at Unity Park. It was a close game all the way, but Turners held the edge throughout. Sicard got off some beautiful punts while Myleck gained steadily through line plays.

Line up:

Turners	Ware
T. Leary, le.	Savaria, re.
Doran, lt.	Kozik, rt.
Teahan, Cadran, lc.	Dubois, rc.
Koch, c.	Fitzgerald, c.
L. Dubie, rc.	Kutt, lg.
Lawrence, rt.	Poitras, lt.
C. Parzick, re.	McGrath, le.
Hughes, qb.	O'Connell, qb.
R. Dubie, Kulch, lhb.	Chetwind, Sepanet, lhb.
Sicard, rhb.	Gaffery, rhb.
Myleck, fb.	Gill, fb.

Touchdown—Myleck.
Referee—Casey.
Umpire—Benard.
Head Linesman—Shuer

TURNERS FALLS vs. GARDNER

On Saturday, Oct. 26, our boys went to Gardner to play Gardner High School in football. Gardner has a good team which beat us 41 to 12. Although our boys put up a fight to the finish, we were outclassed. Hughes, Myleck and Skrypeck showed some good ball carrying, while Sicard got off some nice punts. Aura, Owne, and Ladrage featured for Gardner. The game ended when Cadran made the best kick-off of the day.

"THE UNSUNG HERO"

Boys! there he goes, the gridiron flash,
Get on your toes and stop his dash,
We'll get that ball, when we choose,
Work, one for all and we shall not
lose.

Ted's scooped it up, fighting men,
Watch him speed, we'll surely win,
Pave the way for his spectacular run,
Touchdown! The echo of the blasting
gun.

Paul Cadran '30.

LOOKING OUT TO SEA

I sat upon the sandy beach
To watch the ships sail by,
The white-capped billows rolling in
Like clouds in a stormy sky.

The smoke of a passing steamer trailed
Across the setting sun,
Which on the waves reflected
As another day was done.

R. B. '30.

MY FAVORITE NOOK

Seated in my favorite nook,
My back against a pine,
I've watched the sparkling, shimmering
brook,
I've seen the ripples shine.

A broad flat stone is in the brook,
A perfect spot of beauty,
And on the pine-clad bank, my book
Lies closed. Who thinks of duty?

It is indeed a soothing spot.
I love to linger there.
Especially when the day is hot.
Oh, what a pleasure rare!

Z. C. '30.

There's a beauty in service.
That you may gain
You must live for others
Or you'll live in vain.

M. Jillson '30.

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